

MERLIN Reviv'd: OR, An Old PROPHECY

Lately found in a Manuscript in Pontefract-Castle
in York-shire.

MDCL. — 1650.

When MDC shall joyn with L,
In *England* things will not go well;
A Body shall without an Head,
Make all the Neighbouring Nations dread:
The Lyon's Whelps shall banish'd be,
And seek their prey beyond the Sea.

MDCLX. — 1660.

But when that X the rest shall joyn,
Restor'd shall be the Royal Line:
Through *England* joy shall flow again,
To see the Lyon's Whelps again.

MDCLXVI. — 1666.

M joyn'd to th' number of the Beast,
Let *London* then beware the Priest;
Ignatius Brood disguis'd shall burn
The City, and it to Ashes turn:
Then some shall weep, others admire,
To see the Vengeance of the Fire.

MDCLXXX. — 1680.

Ere time two X's more doth add,
Things will in *England* grow but bad:
Those who before were well content,
Shall moan their folly, and repent.
A *Man of Cole* shall Plots design,
And with the Jesuits Brood shall joyn;
But the effect they ne're shall see,
But die upon a Triple-Tree.
When *Janock* and the *Truckle-Couch*,
With *Horse-pride* shall the same things vouch,
And when the *Valley of the Breast*,
Shall help to witness with the rest,
Then Hellish Plots shall be made known,
And th' Arts of wicked *Rome* be shewn.
The *Son of Jane* shall first relate,
The Lyes that dying men create:
An Officer to tell his Tale,
In Wooden House shall hither sail:
Through *Loop-hole* shall a *Lawyer* look,
And *Vulcan's Son* shall write a Book:
A *Willow* to a *Field* shall change,
And shew things Dangerous and strange.
Then shall a *Price* be strongly prest,
To buy the *Valley of the Breast*:
And *Mother-Midnight* shall declare,
She for Religion will make War.

Janock shall go nigh to be slain,
And *Knockt* down in a dirty Lane:
But *Janock* shall escape at last,
And see the dangers he had past.
Superstition shall have a fall,
Its Trinkets hung out on a Wall:
The *Whore of Babylon's* Attire,
Shall by the Wall be burnt ith' Fire.
The *Lyon* to the North shall go,
And the *Lov'd-Knight* himself shall shew:
Great Joy his sight to some shall bring,
Yet some shall mourn, whilst others sing:
In every place great stir shall be,
Members and Head shall disagree.
The *Sun* Eclips'd from our sight,
Shall give a weak and sickly light;
The *Moon* shall be bestain'd with Blood,
And *Venus* by the *Sun* be trod.
Then from these three there shall arise
A flaming Meteor in the Skies,
Which shall to *England* threat much woe,
And down the Miter overthrow.

MDCLXXXII. — 1682.

Ere to the Letters writ before,
Time shall have added two I's more,
Two I's shall rise and shall contend,
And for the Crown their Force shall bend.
A Senate then shall end the strife,
And *Atropos* shall cut a Life:
Rome then from *England* fast shall fly,
And Laws shall long imprison'd try:
Under the Ax great men shall bleed,
And others shall at last be freed.
The Church and Crown shall flourish then,
And happy Peace restor'd agen.
The *Flower-de-luce* shall lose a Stem,
And the *Old Eagle* loud shall scream:
The *Half-Moon* shall Victorious grow,
And trample on a Northern Foe:
The *Orange* shall begin to bear,
Then *Hogen* to your selves beware:
A Triple-League shall then be made,
And *Rome of England* be afraid:
And he who lives till *Eighty Three*,
All this to come to pass shall see.

FINIS.

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